Cincinnati Commercia.--Temperance.

It affords us great pleasure to find the purely secular press speaking out on the great question of the day, even if the views expressed differ entirely from our own. We take the earliest opportunity in such cases to express our gratification. Whatever is said on this subject elicits thought; and investigation and reflection will result in the advancement of truth. Our efforts, whether well or ill directed, are designed to promote the well being of society, by delivering it from the direst course, and a fair and honest expression of sentiment and discussion of principle, however erroneous the conclusions arrived at, will do good. The Commercial of Tuesday morning has a leading article on the subject of temperance, to which we take but little exception. We make room for the following extract, and simply remark, that it is more to the point, and a more independent article than any which has come under our notice in our city press. With this part of the article we entirely agree.

Without pretending to engage in its discussion, as it is not, at this time, before the people of our State in any practical shape, we think the question a very plain one, and capable of being resolved into very simple elements. We presume that no one will deny that the country would be greatly the gainer, if the consumption of ardent spirits in the form of drams, was totally abolished. To say nothing of the resources of the country, by the application to useful purposes of the millions which are annually squandered in the purchase of the "poison," and also nothing of the economy which would be effected in the administration of the criminal and penal laws, the gain to society in the articles of health, longevity, energy, industry, good order, peace and harmony, would be so great as *to justify* almost any effort which might be found necessary to accomplish it. If the sale of intoxicating drinks could be effectually abolished, it is hardly possible for the imagination to form a conception of the salutary change which the reform would produce in the internal condition and outward aspect of society. It would be like a new world—and civilization would be purged of half the vices which are supposed to be inseparable from its virtues. If the means proposed will accomplish the end, the movement must ultimately prevail, if the country is true to itself.

We entertain no doubt, whatever, of the power of society, through its appropriate legislation and executive organs, to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks; and we know of no constitutional restriction which would inhibit the exercise of the power, should the people deem it expedient. Those judicial opinions at the North, which are generally supposed to have negatived the right to pass such laws, do not repudiate the principle of the law, but merely some minor and unessential details which conflict with certain engrafted constitutional provisions. We hold that the power of a State Legislature to enact a prohibitory liquor law, is a proposition above controversy—provided that in framing it, its authors are careful not to insert provisions in conflict with the cardinal principles of the organic law.

There is, however, one danger which the friends of this movement must vigilantly guard against, or their bark will be wrecked before it leaves port. They must eschew all connection with politics and political candidates. They will find the fable of the brass and earthen vessels strictly applicable to their own case. If they swim in company, the brazen jug of the politician will assuredly dash their pitcher in pieces, and submerge the fragments beneath the waves. Let them beware of the politicians as studiously as old Mr. Weller enjoined it upon his son, "Samivel," to "beware of the vidders."

R. Post, No. 10, West Third Street,

Has placed upon our able "Blackwood" for April. It has a long article styled "Temperance and Temperance Societies," which we shall notice if we find it worthy of consideration. Post is able to supply the readers of periodical literature with anything they may desire of a substantial kind. His promptness, fidelity and gentlemanly character has secured for him a host of friends. Our readers may rely upon his serving them.

CITY LIFE.—INTEMPERANCE.

BY INVISIBLE GREEN, ESQ.

A Local Editor or Reporter of a city daily newspaper, is thrown into all shades of society, all classes of the community. Fashion and poverty, intelligence and degradation, honesty and corruption, virtue and villainy, are the subjects of a continual investigation with him—made so by the duties of his vocation. From the description of a brilliant festival, "which he has had the honor to attend," he descends into the meanest hovel, to gather the particulars of a "horrid occurrence" or a "revolting spectacle." There are no places in this city where reporters are more frequently thrown, in pursuit of "items," than coffee-houses, those tempting places of refreshment (?) where men do congregate, to while away an idle hour in social conversation, and to sip stimulating fluids until elated with an unnatural flow of spirits. In those most frequented, he insure to hear some news, or to be put upon the track of an item. And, how often is it the case, that in these gilded palaces of pleasure, he commences a story which ends in a far different place. How often, amid

"The sounds of revelry by night,"

does he witness the poor inebriate, whose only hope of life is burning liquor, and whose "sudden death" he will be under the painful necessity to record the next day? How often does he see men there, full of life, glee and humor, whose wives and children are starving over their restless needles? How often does he hear the cruel boast of the seducer, that his victim is degraded beyond redemption, and yet be compelled to witness the ravings of that victim, confined in a cell of the watch-house? I have traced many a sad story from the coffee-house to the grave, but none more sorrowful than the following:

The patrons of the W—— Restaurant, on Fifth street, all knew John Smith. (I give him that name,) the pert little shoemaker, who was always be found there after dark, unless otherwise particularly engaged. He had the reputation of being one of the cleverest men in the world, and in truth he never hesitated to "treat the party," when he had the funds to do it,—was always full of fun, ready to tell or play a joke. He was commonly known as "Snob John," and was a great favorite with the frequenters of W—— Restaurant. He was a hard-working man,—that is, he worked full ten hours every day, until he made enough ahead for a spree, and then his shop missed his presence for many days after his funds run out. I say many days, for he was such a clever fellow, so full of fun, that his sprees were prolonged by the purses of kindred spirits, who could never be without him in a frolic.

I always supposed "Snob John" to be a jolly old bachelor, who could sing with truth,

"I care for nobody,
Nobody cares for me."

and was determined to sail down the stream of life as merry as possible, without infringing upon the happiness of others. I was therefore not a little surprised when a friend of his informed me, that John was a husband and a father, but, as the "old woman was sorter cross, he didn't often go home." From that time I could not entertain so good an opinion of him as before,—his mirth appeared devilish, and his wit stale, flat and unprofitable.

Last Christmas eve, the W—— Restaurant was crowded with frolickers, celebrating that sacred anniversary with debauchery and blasphemy. In one of the upper rooms, a party of ten or twelve persons were having a jolly time over the "luxuries of the season," and the best of the bar. Among them, was "Snob John," in fact, he was the prince of the party, for his humor made them lively, his jokes kept them merry. They were all in the happiest mood, when a little ragged boy about nine years of age, opened the door of the room, and with shivering limbs, unobserved, approached "Snob John." Timidly laying his hands upon his arm, he whispered "Father, mother wants you."

The father, unlike the rest of the party, was not in the least surprised by the appearance and conduct of the child. But without a change in his countenance, he rose up, seized the little fellow by the ear, led him to the door, gave him a kick and bid him go home.

"Is that your boy?" asked one of the party of Snob, as he returned to the table.

"My boy," replied the shoemaker, with a forced smile, "he knows who his mother is, but the d—l could'nt father him."

"I thought he called you father?"

"So the scamp did, but you'll all understand, when I tell you, that he lives in—— Alley, and that his wench of a mother, when she wants money, sends him and tells him to call me dad."

"O ho! then you've been down *there* lately," enquired another, with a knowing nod of the head.

"Why, yes," replied Jack; "I could'nt help calling on *her*,—vidders, you know, are very tempting."

This called forth a shout of laughter, and Snob John, having convinced his companions that the child was not his son, went into a long disquisition on love, particularly the love of "vidders," as he termed them.

After the door had been closed in the face of the little boy, he burst into a flood of tears, and remained on the stairs weeping, until his conduct attracted the attention of two gentlemen who were passing through the hall below. To their enquiries he stated that his mother, who was suffering, had sent him after his father, but his father who had not been home for many days, had cruelly abused him. The gentlemen were affected at the child's simple story; and at once concluded to conduct him home to learn the truth of his statement. He seemed anxious they should go, but still was afraid his mother would not like it. It was not until after the gentlemen looked into the room and assured the boy, from what they saw, his father would not go with him, that he consented. One of the gentlemen wrapped him in his cloak to protect him from the freezing air, as they wended their way over the ice-covered pavements. On the road he told them that his mother was very poor and sick, that his little sister was dying, and his mother had sent him for his father to save her life. After a lengthy walk they arrived in the dismal neighborhood of the Gas Works, and turning into Gas Alley, came to a building dilapidated from age and misuse — The boy led the strangers into an upper room, telling them that was where he lived; and as the little fellow entered the doorway, tears rolled down his cheeks, and he walked lightly as if afraid to disturb the dying slumbers of his little sister.

The gentlemen were horror-stricken with the scene. In that cold room not an ember sent forth its gratifying heat. There was no furniture save an old table, two or three stools, and a bedstead, while a tallow candle, fastened in the wall, cast but a faint and dismal light around the room. Leaning over the bed, was a delicate woman, whose eyes were fixed upon an object before her. She neither observed or heard the quiet entrance of her visitors, and they staid their steps as she gave vent to the following bitter exclamations:

"O, God! spare my darling Clara but a few hours longer—John will come and see *her* die He does not love her mother any more—he has made his home so miserable, that he never visits it—but he always doated upon Clara—he called her his darling girl. O, John! John! your daughter is dying!—she has asked a thousand times for her papa,—and you cannot be so cruel as to stay away! Good God! my child is dead!" and giving a shriek, she fell upon the floor.

The two visiters flew to her assistance, and raised her upon the bed. While one attempted to comfort the boy, the other went for a physician. Both succeeded, and soon Mrs. Smith was revived and placed beside a bright fire which had been kindled in the meantime. Medicines were administered, but they afforded no relief. Her heart was broken, bleeding,—bleeding from negligence, suffering and woe. She looked around the room again and again, and asked for John, but he was not there. The physician and the two visitors endeavored to console her, but in vain. Before daylight she breathed her last, pronouncing with her dying breath the name of her negligent husband. She was placed by the hands of strangers on the bed beside the angelic form of her *starved* daughter, which had starved to death. The gentlemen who had witnessed this sad scene, could not restrain their tears. They made every arrangement necessary for the occasion, and while one took the now lone boy home to be properly cared for, the other started in search of the husband. "Snob John" was found at the W—— Restaurant, but so dead drunk from the night's debauchery, that it was impossible to communicate the news to him, and therefore, without consulting him, the strangers had the wife and daughter decently interred.

Careful enquiry led to the knowledge of the following facts. "Snob John" had been a kind and affectionate husband, until he became addicted to the use of ardent spirits. As he advanced in the different stages of drunkenness, he became less careful of his family, and at last, deserted them altogether. The wife strove hard against poverty, and day and night plied her needle to save herself and children from a miserable death. She would occasionally appeal to her husband through their son, but received only such answers as he gave on Christmas Eve. She had toiled on, suffered on, till through sickness, unable to purchase even food, she sent her child for the last time, through the chilly blasts of a winter's night, to beg her husband forb read to save his family from starvation. John came not,—the daughter sank exhausted into the arms of death, and the mother died of a broken heart.

Such was the fate of the family of the merry, the witty, the jovial "Snob John," whose credit was as good as a banker's at the W—— Restaurant, and whose company was always sought by the frequenters of that splendid saloon.

But the end is not yet. Not many days ago I was attracted to one of the cells of the watch-house by what I supposed to be the ravings of a maniac. Looking into the cell I soon observed that the distracted creature was "Snob John," suffering under that most dreadful disease, the *mania potu*. In his ravings he frequently called for protection from his wife and child, who, he imagined, were assaulting him, and heinously declared that he had not drawn a sober breath since their death. From the watch-house he was conveyed to the Hospital, where a wretched death ended his miserable existence. He died an unrespected pauper, all his friends having deserted him, as he had deserted his family, in the time of need.

Such is the almost sure result of intemperance in city life. Let those who would shun the drunkard's misery, the drunkard's shame, and the drunkard's grave, spurn the tempting cup.

From the Century Papers.

A BENEVOLENT MAN.

Solomon Browse was a very benevolent man He was, it is true, very irritable at home, but very kind abroad. The world saw him and knew him in the latter character alone. After his dinner and his wine he was fretful, particularly if awakened from his nap by the entrance of a subscription-book for the benefit of the "Firemen's Fund,' or the Teetotal Indigent Society.' His family knew his failing, and said never a word.

When walking the pavement he would very carefully kick off a stray brick into the gutter, for fear some excellent citizen would stumble against it; and I have seen him lift up an applepeeling from the walk, apprehensive that it might prove disastrous to some inconsiderate or abstracted passenger. He was constantly offering his hand to old ladies to help them over the gutter, and looked heavenly when it was done. His shining brow was irradiated for an hour afterward, in contemplation of his own gallant benevolence. How the world did admire Mr. Solomon Browse!

Mr. Browse took a personal interest in every one's happiness, except that of his wife, who did not seem to have the world's appreciation of his charming character. It was beautiful to see him encouraging little boys, by patting them on the head and telling them, in tones of fascination, what learned, and excellent, and useful men they were destined to be! Why, they never forgot it; it influenced their characters in life. Thus did Mr. Browse influence the destinies of society.

It was indeed a great misfortune that his character at home, and within the domestic circle, was not appreciated; for, in spite of all his public benefactions, and his sacrifices for the good of society, his own children hated and feared him. It was their duty to overlook his faults, and although he was always very kind and amiable to all mankind in general, surely a man has a right to be as cross and ill-humored as he pleases in a house of his own, and which was paid for out of the fruits of his own enterprise. To deny this, would be to deny the sanctity of the domestic altar. If he abused and insulted, in moments of irritation, his own children, he did not diminish his charities. He continued to give liberally to beggars, although he never gave a cent of pin-money to his daughters.—Solomon Browse had a right to do this, and who should complain?

What a splendid reputation he had—out of his own house! There the theater of his benevolent was too circumscribed for his large heart, and he scorned to labor on so small a scale. Every body praised him for his goodness, and his expansive sympathies enlarged from day to day. He was indeed a man of feeling.

Often has he wept over the sad story of some poor destitute emigrant woman, while standing with hat in hand profoundly and benevolently listening, with a complacency of encouragement that was really wonderful; and I have seen him pour the balm of his feeling heart into the wounds of a wooden-legged veteran of 1812. What a noble fellow! he would say, the tears running down his cheeks, while his heart beat with pride and gratitude to the defenders of his country.

Thus Solomon Browse went about doing good. It was a necessary instinct of his nature. It was temperament with him, and he could not help it. He was forever projecting associations for the relief of destitution, and was continually laying out and recommending plans which society was bound to support, for its distressed members. His name was posted up in every public asylum as its founder or patron; and those who associated with him were great admirers of his benevolent face, and were forever praising his "balmy smile." "Dear good man!" they would say, "what a blessing to society!"

We have said his children hated him. His wife told him he was a humbug, and this always irritated him. He resented it always, and went on abusing all at home and doing good abroad.

He left home one night, after a quarrel with his wife because the last box of tea was used up, and also because she wanted a few shillings for a bonnet for their eldest daughter. "Her extravagance," he said, "would be the ruin of him!" He presided that very night, with matchless dignity and grace, at the anniversary meeting of the "Bread-and-Butter Society." His speech breathed the very aroma of philanthropy, and filled the whole hall with a delightful fragrance. The next morning it was published in all the papers. It was eloquent, and filled with the noblest sentiments of humanity, bringing